

VEREDIVINO:

A

SATYR.

The Fifth BOOK.

By the Author of the True-born-Englishman.

O Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
Numina ——— Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 11.



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J U R E D I V I N O :

A

S A T Y R.

S A T Y R, the Quest of Tyranny pursue,
 And bring the Infancy of time in view;
 Look back to old Originals of Power,
 Long before Men knew how each other to devour:
 Bring out the Mortal from his Makers Hand,
 Lord of the World, and fitted for Command;
 Not yet debauch'd with Tyranny or Pride,
 But with his pregnant Reason fortify'd;
 Vested with Judgment to direct his way,
 And chuse how he should rule, or who obey:
 While his succeeding Sons were just and few,
 Paternal Modes of Government they knew;
 But as the kind increas'd, they soon found Cause,
 To limit forms of Government by Laws:
 Degenerate Nature soon seduc'd by Crime,
 Quickly inroach'd upon the Power Sublime;
 And Reason found it needful to explain,
 Laws to prescribe, and Limits to restrain;
 For Man's a Lawless Wretch by Inclination,
 If once let loose to his ungovern'd Passion;
 No Brute has half so little Sense as he,
 When Vice prevails upon his Honesty;
 The Man that would his pathless Wand'rings trace,
 When Reason sleeps, and Crime usurps the Place;
 In untrod Mazes will be strangely lost,
 And in vast Seas of difficulty tost:
 When *Israel's* Tribes from *Judah's* Scepter stray'd,
 And Laws of Nature, not of Kings obey'd.

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The young insulting Tyrant knew no Law,
 To check his Lust, or keep his Power in awe:
 His Father's spite of all his Wit and Sense,
 Had with his Wisdom, mixt the Grand Offence.
 He had the patient Tribes too much oppress'd,
 Who tyr'd with Taxes, now expect some rest:
 The Warlike *David* harass'd them with Arms,
 And wak'd the peaceful Tribes with Conquest and
 His *Aseulapian* Son imbroil'd their Peace, [Alarms:
 With Taxes for his sumptuous Palaces;
 His Building Projects, and his vast Designs,
 Too great for Seas of Gold, or deep *Peruvian* Mines;
 The Peoples Hearts as well as Purfes drain'd,
 Who fear'd he'd make one City of all the Land:
 Thus with two vigorous Monarchs long oppress'd,
 From the young peaceful King they hope for rest;
 In humble Phrase his Majesty address,
 And calmly ask for Property and Ease.

But when the hot young angry Tyrant saw,
 Subjects pretend to teach their Sovereign Law;
 With Anger swell'd, his Thoughts no Bounds contain,
 But treats the injur'd People with disdain.

Says he, I'll show you 'tis your Place to Bow;
 And if you know not, I'll *Instruct you how*:
 I bear from Heaven the Ensigns of my Sway,
 My Business is to rule, and yours t' obey.
 The Burthens of my Father's gentle Reign,
 Of which with little Reason you complain;
 To teach you how you should his Mildness prize,
 I'll double now, till Suffering makes you wise;
 By you let all seditious Subjects learn,
 Their Duty and their Interest to discern:
 I see how needful 'tis new means to try,
 And mix your Peace with just Severity.

Therefore your scandalous Address withdraw,
 'Tis my Command, and my Command's your Law.
 Sedition grows from Seeds of Discontent,
 And Faction always snarls at Government:

But since my Throne of God alone I hold;
 To him alone my Councils I unfold;
 My Resolutions he has made your Laws,
 You are to know my Actions, he the Cause;
 Wherefore I stoop to let you understand,
 I double all the Tribute of the Land.

The mild Corrections which my Father gave,
 Has spoil'd the People he design'd to save:
 You murmur'd then, and had you thus been us'd;
 You'd ne'er his easie Clemency abus'd;
 But Liberty, like an unhealthy Air,
 Has made you sick of Peace for want of Fear:
 I'll be the Grand Pyfician of my Realm,
 And let you know, a Pilot guides the Helm:
 To double Punishment I'll all subject,
 And double Taxes henceforth I expect;
 And if your Discontents and Feuds remain,
 Petition, and I'll double them again.

Spoke like a King, that strain'd the Royal Reins,
 Whose Birth had made him so, and not his Brains;
 A Royal Cock's-comb, by his Father blest
 In Wealth and Power, and People well increas'd,
 And all things but his Wisdom he possess'd:
 Descent of Souls is not prescrib'd by Rules,
 The wisest Fathers form the grossest Fools.

The injur'd People treated with Disdain,
 Finding 'twas to no Purpose to Complain:
 Nature directs, as God himself design'd,
 What once he gave them, they should now defend.
 He did, by Miracle, their Land Subject,
 That they, without it, might that Land protect;
 And as their just Possessions were his Gift,
 'Twould be their Sin to see themselves bereft.

Long they had made Submissions to the Crown,
 And long the sense of Liberty had known:
 The Kings they ask'd of God, had let them see,
 What God himself had told of Tyranny:

The Father had exhausted all their Stores,
 With costly Houses, and more costly VVhores;
 But doubly robb'd by his encroaching Son,
 They rather chose to die, than be undone.

The Tyrant bloated with his Scepter'd Pride,
 Believing God and Nature on his Side;
 To the High-Altar in a Rage repairs,
 And rather tells his Tale, than make his Prayers:
 Behold ! says he, the Slaves o'er whom I reign,
 Have made the Power I had from thee in vain:
 From thy Diviner Rule they separate,
 And make large Schisms both in Church and State:
 My just Intentions are, with all my Force,
 To check Rebellion in its earliest Course;
 By Powerful Hand, to bring their Stomachs down, }
 Revenge th' Affronts of my insulted Throne, }
 And save thine injur'd Honour, and my own. }
 And as thy Conduct did my Fathers bless,
 He claims thy help, who does their Crowns possess.

Let Tyrants listen to the Sovereign Vote, [Thought.
 Think of his high Command, and tremble at the

Stir not a Foot, Thy new raised Troops disband,
 Says the Eternal Voice, *'Tis my Command:*
 I gave thy Fathers first the *Hebrew Crown*,
 I set it up, but 'tis your selves pull down:
 For when to them I *Israel's Scepter* gave,
 'Twas not my chosen People to inflave:
 My first Command no such Commission brings,
 I made no Tyrants, tho' I made you Kings:
 But you my People vilely have oppress,
 And misapply'd the Powers which you possess.

'Tis Nature's Laws, the People now direct,
 VVhere Nature leads, I never contradict:
 Draw not thy Sword, thy Brethren to destroy,
 The Liberty they have's their Right to enjoy;
 My Providence did never yet intend,
 But what they might enjoy, they might defend;
 And if they have deserted from thy Throne,
 The Actions mine, but all the Fault's thy own.

Let any Tyrants view the high Commands,
In Sacred VVrit, the Sacred Sentence stands;
The Eternal Censure's on the Action past,
And Arbitrary Government was Try'd and Cast.

If *Reboboam* had no Sacred Line,
Shew me a King like him for Right Divine:
But Heaven the ten revolting Tribes defends,
And *Judab's* numerous Troops himself disbands:
Owns the just Claim of Right to Liberty,
And leaves the Brand of Fool on Tyranny:
Tell us how Hebrew Sages first advis'd,
Tell us how Hebrew Sages he despis'd:
His young Fop-Counsellors debauch'd his Mind,
Too much before to Tyranny inclin'd;

Those Mountebanking States-Men always see,
The Gain, but not the end of Tyranny;
And when in Mischief they involve the Throne,
They leave the wheedl'd Wretch to fight alone;
Desert th' ambitious Tyrant, and stand clear,
Share the Advantages, but shun the War.

But 'tis allerdg'd, when pop'lar Heats engage,
There's something *boundless* in the Peoples Rage.

But 'tis because the're first provok'd so high,
And bear so long the Chains of Tyranny,
That when they once resolve to be let free,
All flies before the Storm of Liberty.

But humane things are subject to extreams,
As swelling Floods despise contracted Streams;
The gentler Brooks to rapid torrents grow,
And all the flowery Meadows overflow;
But when the accidental Causes cease,
The hasty Flood returns to Calms and Peace.
If the unruly Mob, by their Excess,
Increase the Mischiefs which they would redress;
If Blood's the Fruit of their ungovern'd Rage,
Which nothing but just Vengeance can assuage;
'Tis Murder, if its done without the Laws,
But here th' Event's excluded from the Cause;

If they did only their Defence intend,
 Actions are always govern'd by their end ;
 The Blood no publick Guilt can there contract;
 But lies on him that shall commit the Fact;
 The People seldom do to Blood incline,
 The Accident's not in the first Design ;
 But Tyranny remov'd, and Peace procur'd,
 The end's obtain'd, when Liberty's restor'd.

Tyrants sometimes in Revolutions fall,
 Tho' their Destruction's not design'd at all ;
 When they the Torrent of Revenge resist,
 And meet the Dangers which they might ha' mist;
 But all that fairly can be said from hence,
 Quits the Design, and blames the Consequence.
 As hasty Show'r's, when they from Heaven flow down,
 Are sent to fructifie and not to drown ;
 And in a Torrent, if a Drunkard sink,
 Tis not the Flood that drowns him, but the Drink;
 But 'twou'd be hard, because the Sinner's slain,
 For fear of drowning, we must have no Rain.

Blest are the Days and wing'd with Joy they fly,
 When Monarchs joyn in Subjects Liberty ;
 When settled Peace in stated Order reigns,
 And nor the People nor the King complains ;
 In juster Measures both alike combine,
 And mutual Int'rest, mutual Methods joyn :
 Tis then the happy Nations bless the Crown ;
 Tis then the happy Monarchs rule their own ;
 No Title's equal to the Peoples Hearts,
 When every Branch of power enjoys their proper parts
 Encroachments, and oppressive Arts unknown,
 Kings first support the People, they the Crown ;
 The ends of Government in both agree,
 And these grow Great, but just as those grow free ;
 And in that very freedom they assent,
 To all the essential Rules of Government.
 Thus legal Monarchy in triumph Reigns,
 And all the Arts of Tyranny disdains ;

Revolving years have crush'd the vile Design,
 Just Princes now with Free-born Subjects joyn;
 Beam of inlighten'd Sense, for Liberty,
 In Heaven's Reflection into Nature's Eye:
 Instructive Glance, that Rules to judge creates,
 And by those Rules the rest illuminates;
 Where e'er thou dost the darks of Guilt survive,
 At thy Appearance Nations learn to live;
 For Liberty is Life, and every Slave,
 Moves only in the Circle of his Grave,
 Is dead to all the ends of Life, His Breath;
 Serves only to inhanse the Price of Death;
 Imbitter Sorrow, and oppress his Sense,
 And make his real Torture more intense:
 So Tyrants kill by long and ling'ring Pain;
 The Terrors of their Vengeance to maintain.

Thou dost the Nations to their Sense restore,
 Possess't with raging Lunacies before;
 Dethrone their captivating Follies, and,
 To its own native State, retuſe the Land;
 For Liberty is Nature's Gift to Men,
 Born in their Blood, and runs in every Vein;
 And all but Lunaticks the Gift maintain:
 Every degenerate ſtep to Bondage ſhows,
 A Madneſs Man to Crime and Cuſtom owes;
 A Contradiſtion to the Laws of Senſe,
 That bears its Punishment in the Offence.

But when the weaken'd Nature can endure
 No more, And Reason ſeeks abroad for Cure,
 Seeks for ſome Andtidote t' expel the Taint;
 Then Liberty come, in The Glorious Hint.
 The ſpreading Plague at firſt appearance kills,
 And Nations are made free againſt their Wills:
 Cordials and Life are in the very VVords,
 Ev'ry repeated Sound new Spirits affords;
 Thro' all the Angles of the Heart they roul:
 Hail Liberty! Thou Phyſick of the Soul.

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